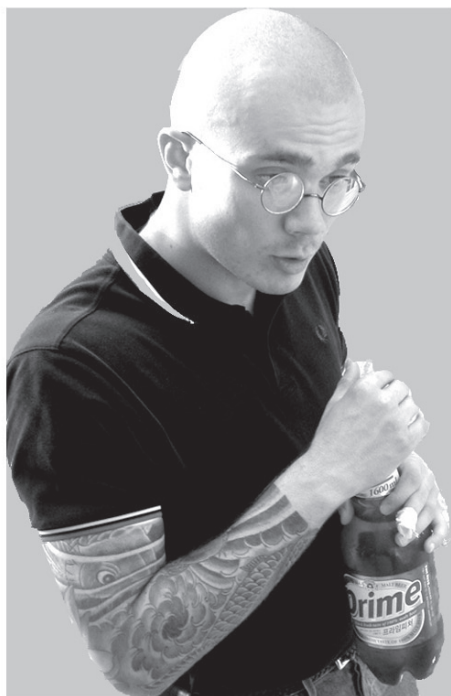


FUCK THE INTERNET VERY



Fuck The Internet Verv

A
Broke in Korea
Publication

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This zine is published sporadically. Get off my case!

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This zine was designed using a pirated copy of Adobe IndDesign CS. What are you gonna do about it? Huh? Huh?

A Letter From Your Editor

Greetings, gentle reader. You hold in your hand a halLOWed tome of the human spirit. These pages reveal the cult of personality surrounding the guy we all know as Verv.

Verv is a man of mystery. Actually, he doesn't leave much to the imagination. But you will spend hours trying to understand what makes his mind work.

He writes about all aspects of the human spirit, from music and art to politics and literature, and the glory thereof. At times he dabbles in dubious politics, stomach-churning homoeroticism, and hair-pulling theological philosophy, but his writing succeeds in getting a rise. It will make you laugh, it will bring a tear to your eye, it will make you shit your ass. No matter who you are or what you believe, you will find something in these pages you disagree with. But what you won't find is hate or anger.

He is drawn to all things nationalist, no matter which nation. He wore a Benito Mussolini pin on his bomber until it mysteriously disappeared, and now proudly sports the face of former Korean dictator Park Junghee. He listens to white-power RAC music and Korean folk music. Verv writes about the glory of the human race. With his overuse of capitalisation and his underuse of contractions, every word is larger than life. And be assured, in person he speaks the same way.

When you meet him, he will

likely be drunk. He will be loud but he'll always welcome you warmly. It's not uncommon for him to share his innermost thoughts and feelings and end up crying on your shoulder. By the end of the night he will be dancing to no music and projectile vomiting in the street. There's also a good chance he won't remember meeting you. But you will never forget him.

The name for this anthology comes from late one night in Club Spot, when Verv was drunkenly dancing by himself and rambling to all of us, unheard over the music. The only words I was able to discern were "Fuck the Internet Verv!" I'm positive I didn't hear him right, but from that night an idea was born.

This collection has been compiled solely by me, Jon Dunbar; Verv had nothing to do with its work beyond originally posting these pieces online. To preserve his unique voice, they have not been modified at all, not even for grammar. If this zine at times seems to self-indulgent, be assured that Verv is not at fault.

All of the writing in this zine is from his hand (minus this page and the Crossverv). Verv's writing invites reaction and rebuttal, but I have decided not to include our replies. It is all available on our online message board, and you're invited to respond there. Once you read through these pages, I'm confident you will join me in saying "Fuck the Internet Verv!"



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Artist's Statement

I am not a person who desires respect.

I am an inferior persona and personality. I am worst tan you, do not respect me. I am the sodomizer. I am the Chinese Communist and the German Fascist and the Italian long-faced Blackshirt who posts drunk.

I think Paul understands me when I summarize my philosophy in:

GLORY:

the act of a pig's orgasm, the act of a salamander crawling along a knife's blade and the act of a snake slithering through an oil field amidst acid rain.

I am the cunt you crawled out of, and I am the grave you shall return to.

I am your dirt, and I am the floor, and your reality.

From The Beach

2 May 2006

There are some days where you wake up and are tired, and your head has been hammered from the night before and your body is slightly weak from a mixture of fatty foods and soju fueled by an delightful alcoholism -- not as a disease, mind you, but alcoholism as an ideology and a way of life... And an hour later you see a bottle of soju and know that you have found your lover -- a woman can leave you but no alcohol will ever refuse to enter your mouth. As you sit cross-legged amongst an assortment of punks, skins, and herberts and begin a day of being drunk from wake up until bedtime, you thought... "I love alcohol... I love alcoholism." It was never a disease, it was never an excuse for performing poorly because you knew that you sucked at work, school, and everything inbetween from age 10 when somehow you failed to properly illustrate and write a book about Bumblebees in your fifth grade glass.

Soon you are drunk at the top of the morning, feeding egg to puppies and accidentally smashing bottles of soju on driveways, running up mounds of dirt and sending drunken text messages announcing your location somewhere near Kyeongju. You forget about every problem because when you look at the horizon you see green mountains illuminated brightly by a golden sun, and soon you are annoyngly asking people for the name of this place because you know one day if you were to see this name on a map and have a car

at your disposal you would go back to the scene and examine it as a crime scene, remembering what rooms you drank in and where you spilt your bottle, fed a puppy pieces of egg, and gazed at two old men staring back at you.

I felt something special -- there were no problems or issues, and you could be obnoxious and loud because you are drunk and no one can convince you of anything. I gazed out the window of the bus proclaiming the majesty of the mountains, dilapidated buildings and rice paddies tucked in a valley to my neighbor who was unimpressed, and after gazing for the better half of an hour I could only be contented by noisily singing skinhead classics with Mark, discussing hooliganism and being generally noisy on a bus full of punks with a handful of skins & herberts. But still, even now, I think of all of these places in a bright light, and I have pledged to go back to this countryside again one day and to walk barefoot through it, to climb its mountains (but only the mountains where there are no other people to spoil it, just me and my nature and a few birds in the sky and a few small animals and insects at my feet).

When I arrived in Busan and got off, I saw my friend Paul go running towards the beach. No one else seemed excited or running and because of this I was honestly confused... We had spent two nights traveling, and I had not seen the Beach in a year and a month at my last count (unless 'from planes'

counts), let alone see a beach I once wondered about standing on the other side of the Pacific smoking cigarettes and gesturing, throwing rocks and joking. How could these people not feel the excitement? From that day on I really have noted to self that some folks cannot feel grandeur -- or maybe I was just that drunk, or maybe they didn't see us running (after all it was not I who started the rush, but rather was merely inspired)...

As I began to ran and leave the others behind I slowly caught up to Paul who was stripping down to his pants, I followed suit and brought myself into the sea with my bottle of soju, feeling the waves splash at our knees and then our thighs and soon our chests; I held my soju proudly and took gulps and soon we saw the large white-caps coming in. I had a flashback to being 10 years old on a windy day on a Lake in Brainerd, Minnesota dumbfounded by waves that washed over my head. As I stared into the face of a large beast and slowly trekked forward with Paul to be complicitly devoured I raised the bottle of soju into the air -- I was Lady Liberty, and my Lantern for the world to see was a bottle of Charm Soju. Alcoholism is liberty, and anyone who tells you you cannot drink is probably wrong. Drinking does not interfere with my life, rather, my life interferes with my drinking -- I will hardly shed a tear if I perform poorly at work because of a bottle of soju, but rather, I will cry my eyes out because of the fact that since

Comes A Blind Man

I performed poorly at work it will interfere with my bottle of soju.

I yelled victoriously as the wave passed over us and headed to the beach, it was a head-rush to be submerged; I noted immediately my soju was safe and as the water cleared from my eyes the only thing I could see was a blurry outline of what once was clear. I looked at Paul squintingly and announced my glasses were gone, at first I think my voice was calm and then I announced it with a legitimate sense of alarm that only another person with shit-for-eyes can imitate.

"They're gone man, they're gone -- maybe try to find them with your feet." I hoped Paul was right.

For a second I thought surely my toes would feel some glasses on the ocean floor -- but within 10 seconds of feeling nothing I knew the absurdity of it. A wave is not a weak thing, and the ocean is not a small thing -- by now my glasses had been dragged to the bottom and would be taken out by an undertoe. They might be within 10 meters of me but with each passing second they would move another few meters away in a random direction. For a moment I wanted to curse the Sea, but cursing the sea is a dangerous thing -- Mankind cannot destroy the sea, let alone a single man angry over lost glasses.

And so from the sea comes a blind man, sopping wet with a worried expression; someone announced that my Soju was safe but it did not matter to a



man who only sees blurred outlines. I was dumbfounded how within 3-4 minutes of setting foot in Busan I had lost my glasses and was wearing sopping wet pants.

For a while I was hopelessly worried, but then I realized how many shops in this country proudly boast "Ahn-kyeong" and have pictures of white people wearing glasses in a country of yellow people wearing contacts.

I enlisted the help of a good friend (whom I owe more than a few beers), and soon we were off on a wild adventure to find a pair of glasses which concluded no less than an hour later to the tune of 210,000 Won (at a special discount). I then bought new pants and underwear...

As I walked back to the beach I realized something...

In less than an hour after arriving in Busan, I went from cold, wet, and blind to warm,

dry, and with an updated prescription. The world seemed even more clearly than before, and with warm, dry legs accented by bits of sand that clung to me, and soju still thick on my breath and enhancing my brain through oxygen deprivation, I realized the accidental (though bad example and poor excuse for a) metaphor.

Things seem more clearer after you have spent two days with your friends going to the southernmost part of Korea to hear loud music. It had been time to get new glasses with a new prescription, and as the Korean gentlemen ignored my sleeve tattoos and pants making his fancy chair wet and sandy, asking me "Where did you learn Korean? How long have you been here?" and generally pondering the mystery of a random white man and black woman entering his second floor store asking for glasses

on the last day of April, I guess I was one of the luckiest guys around.

A year and a month ago I sat at a beach in Monterey looking over the jagged rocks on a friday afternoon, getting ready to go drinking in San Francisco, gesturing in the direction I thought Korea would be -- I thought surely, over there, there is a beach like this and people aimlessly gesture across the ocean at us. I was learning their tongue and I promised in a year or so I would be over there, gesturing back; my friend and I laughed but took it as a serious issue for someone who has been devotedly studying the tongue of a nation you've never visited, and who in life there seemed little other point than finding out what was over there. We'd soon pile into a car destined for San Jose or San Francisco and fuck our brains (kind of like now, but now only sub-way cars bound for Hongdae or a friends house in Hoegi, Shinchon or Namguro).

It is not often that you can be hundreds of miles away from home with some of your best friends on a beautiful beach, and no matter how many pairs of glasses were lost it would

only make me see better as my prescription was updated, and I could count more experiences and stories to look back on. I lost my fucking glasses on a beach in Busan. It was an expensive mistake, but life is also a pretty expensive mistake if you ask the man with a razor to his wrist, the Prom Queen going to the abortion clinic, or the insurance company dolling out a couple hundred thousand for the latest corpse to come out of the car wreck.

But money is only a means to an end (and my end is generally a pack of cigarettes and a cheap alcohol), and if my bank account read \$50 or \$50,000 it would mean nothing in a country where you can get drunk for \$4, cigarettes for \$2, and more pork than you can eat for \$5, and it did not matter if it read even \$0 because it's a beautiful world, and everyday millions of homeless people buy alcohol & food for the price of a smile and a 'Thank you.'

We are lucky cunts, and I cannot see how any ignorant fuck would ever look life in the eyes and throw it away unless just one last time he went and saw the beach in a drunken stupor, ran into the waves and

lost his glasses and then replaced them with a friend, and if only then he could go back to the mighty Beach and see it through a clearer perspective with the large buildings scattered about him, and announce he was throwing in the towel on life -- only then could I respect his opinion (though I doubt I could ever understand it).

Each time the man comes from the sea blindly stumbling, he can be assured that somehow he is seeing more clearly, and that as long as there is one friend who will guide you on a mile of unfamiliar road there are no problems, there are only temporary setbacks.

Life is a quest for a lubricated hole for your prick or a lubricated prick for your hole -- life is a quest to get fucked beyond all recognition and see a few beautiful mountains, valleys, trees, flowers; life is a quest to pet a few dogs, a few cats, see a few animals in the wild or in the zoo; life is a quest to feel an eternal moment with your friends as you sing your favorite song in a bar or a basement, life is a quest for an eternal moment dancing slightly to no music at all in an apartment with a girl with 12 hours of partying ahead of you, a pack of condoms, 6 bottles of soju, and your best friends who you will see that night or the next, in Hongdae or Daegu or Texas or Minnesota or wherever you come from.

If I had every dollar I ever wasted on alcohol, cigarettes, women, music, film, fancy food and giving hand-outs to the homeless I would be a rich man with a poor spirit.

I prefer being a poor man with a rich spirit who lost his glasses in Busan.



QUADS TO BUSAN: The Search for HITLER



STARRING **MARK AND VERV** AND A CAST OF THOUSANDS

A **DAE HAN MIN DECLINE** PRODUCTION

Featuring **RUX COUCH SUCK STUFF GHETTO BOMBS**

Music by **BOOTBOIS ANTHEM SHORTY CAT PATIENTS**

Pride Of The Zoo

25 November 2005

Many different kinds of animals live in the zoo, and the zoo is a valuable learning resource for everyone. The zoo provides people a chance to see animals they would never normally see -- animals that are not even from the same ecosystem!

The zoo is particularly valuable to children whose imaginations and minds are growing rapidly. When they go to the zoo and see some monkeys, some lions, or maybe an elephant they are so impressed by the size, the color, the shapes and movement of these animals that they will talk your ear off for days about it!

Even though children seldom see these animals up close, these animals are alive in their minds and they draw pictures of them for weeks on end. In fact, when they are old people and you ask them what their favorite animal is, I have no doubt that many will remember a time when they were young and saw a bold animal at the zoo, and from that day on they adopted it as their favorite.



The zoo is one of the best accomplishments of our society -- it brings nature to us, and inspires us.

I do not want to feel like I am chaining animals down, but I want to feel like I am giving them the opportunity to mark themselves down in our eternal memories and inspire us to greater heights.

The Zoo should have a lot of pride -- it inspired me when I

was a little boy. I still remember how excited I was to see the different animals and the Sparkie the Seal show. I still have an imprint on my brain of so many animals I would see at the zoo when I was young.

The zoo is like the pride of our society, and one of our greatest accomplishments.

I think if it presented itself, I'd be interested in working at a zoo.



People Who Want To Show You Something Cool

7 November 2005

every time I turn around someone wants to show me something cool on MY computer... I let people into my room and the next thing I know "hey man I saw this video of a guy getting shot in the face!" "Hey man did you see that video of the guy falling out of a moving car?" "Hey, I saw this video with a girl who is naked and jumping up and down on a trampoline..." etc. ad nauseum.

We are about to go bowling or go drinking, and I figure, "Hey, whatever, lets just get this over with," and always give them the "Oh no I haven't, show me" bit because I do not want them pouting the rest of the night because they didnt get to show me a video of a man launching a bottle rocket out of his rectum.

The next thing you know they are on my computer for 45 minutes trying to get me to watch gay videos of random home stunts.

And then they have to check their email.

And then, one of them in particular does this, he says "Dude I am going to look up our points for this month" (how many points to get promoted to E5); and after that it is "dude, I am going to look up the regulation about holes in pants because I got a big hole in my pants..." and then, after we look up Army regulations, he tells me I need a haircut. In-sult to injury.

By the time we finally leave the room they have drinken half of my 12 pack (and I have drinken the other half)... Beer is cheap, but I do not know - - if I was going to their room later to drink all their beer, it would be cool, but that is not the case. It is always my room. My beer.

Also, I have a weird H key that used to fall off every 3-4 days, so I knew to be gentle with it and treat it like an angel, and delicately place it back on. one of these cunts just did her in for good.

I am going to be a hardliner from now on -- I can hear it now "God Verv, whats pissing you off so much? Why do we always have to leave right

away?"

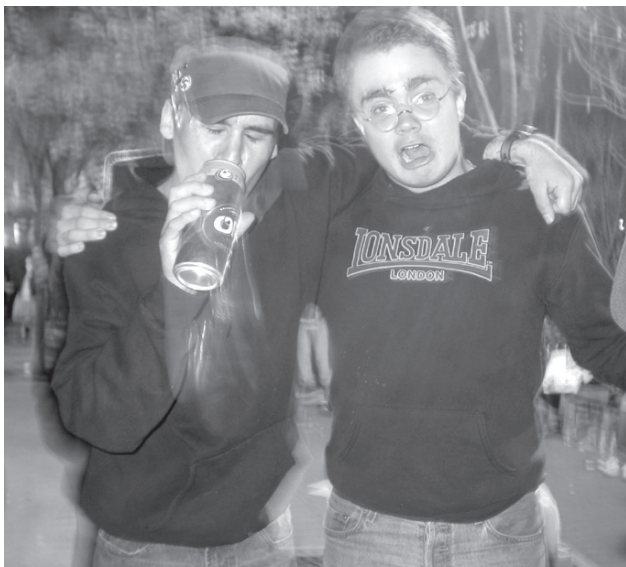
"God Verv, whats pissing you off so much? Why do we always have to leave right away?"

You drink all my beer, break my H key permanently, and make me watch gay videos -- and when I turn my music on to pass time while you are searching for 30 minutes for a video of a girl who smokes a cigarette with her vagina, you quickly tell me

to turn it down and interupt my vibe so I can hear a bunch of static noise and guys in the background going "duuuude, shes smoking it out of her pussy, maaaaaann!"

And then the oter cunt drinking the beer in my room goes "Man thats noting on such an such a website she is shooting pingpong balls out of it..."

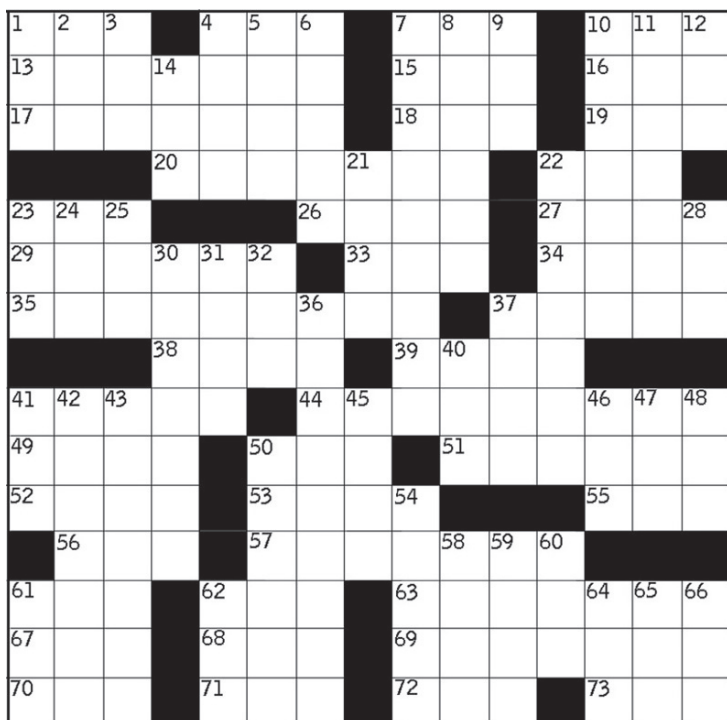
It's ridiculous.



CROSSVERV

ACROSS

- 1 Hotel
- 4 Butt
- 7 Nocturnal bird
- 10 Dongduchon for GIs
- 13 Sexy fishing wear
- 15 Expert
- 16 Playboy founder
- 17 Appetiser
- 18 Cat or dog
- 19 Environmental
- 20 "My Way" singer
- 22 Skank
- 23 Business degree
- 26 Sharpen
- 27 Ages
- 29 Upper fin
- 33 Volcano spew
- 34 Greatest
- 35 Immobility
- 37 Packing heat
- 38 Jailbait
- 39 Sword
- 41 Take it easy
- 44 Panties
- 49 Bible wanker
- 50 Number of birth-days
- 51 Catholic beads
- 52 ET searchers
- 53 Non-Governmental Organisations
- 55 Golf peg
- 56 Microphone
- 57 Alternative overcoats
- 61 Osama ____ Laden
- 62 US law enforcers
- 63 Left out
- 67 Speedwagon band
- 68 Disobey God
- 69 Modernises
- 70 Donkey
- 71 Chinese food additive
- 72 Not win, not lose
- 73 Every



DOWN

- 1 No ____, ands, or buts
- 2 Louse
- 3 Group who spies on the US
- 4 Against prefix
- 5 Saw
- 6 Scarecrow's guts
- 7 Welsh SHARP band
- 8 Fred Perry laurel ____
- 9 Survivor of Sodom
- 10 Axiom
- 11 Die
- 12 Chief Financial Officer
- 14 Hours
- 21 Type of massage
- 22 Jews
- 23 Formerly Minjudang
- 24 Korean popstar
- 25 Pirate's utterance
- 28 Reason for condoms
- 30 The Day The ____ Glory Faded
- 31 Trebec
- 32 Sodium or potassium hydroxide

- 36 Snogging
- 37 Avionic chocolate bar
- 40 ____ capita
- 41 Sigur ____
- 42 Nemeses
- 43 US immigrants
- 45 Matrix hero and ____ Geo video game system
- 46 Consume
- 47 You ____ My Sunshine
- 48 Type of whiskey
- 50 Jackal Egyptian god
- 54 Dark Korean beer
- 58 Japanese hardcore band that played in Ssamzie Space
- 59 Crying Nut - ____ a Horse
- 60 ____-Prest pants
- 61 Boulder holder
- 62 ID satire deity
- 64 Telecommunications Technology Association
- 65 Unagi
- 66 Internet connection

The Day The Satanic Glory Faded

8 February 2006

NOTE: This is a fictional story that could happen to you if you misbehave consistently.

One day you were laughing and laying on your back, and your smile was drunk and your underwear were a little wet because you didn't wipe it off -- you had sex without a condom because it was a good night, and good nights don't end because you forgot a condom. Good nights end in kicking off your boots and laying down in a bed, and waking up with a special scent and feeling that you were alive last night. They don't end with frustrated looking around, awkward silences, and fumbling hands. And if you are buying, they certainly, most certainly do not, end in fumbling hands. You risk it.

Two weeks later your underwear are a little more wet, and there is a yellowish discharge seeping from your goods. When the goods bump your thigh or your pants a sharp pain fills you and you grimace. You have to go ride a crowded subway or run with your military unit, so you stand at close quarters wondering if the people next to you can smell something sick & rotting or when you run you feel it drops shake off of it and you have to stop because it hurts so bad, so you fake that you can't run anymore and that you are going to vomit.

In reality, you just learned a lesson the hard way, and now your underpants are toxic waste and you wonder if you could ever be healed. Next weekend you aren't in the mood to dance -- you are in the mood to stand in front of the John holding onto the toilet paper holder and

a towel rack, looking down at a sickly sausage and gritting your teeth.

"Gghhhhhh!!! ggaaahhhhh!!!!" and with a great pain a passage is opened a continuous drip continue to flow. "Awww-wwggggkhh cuunnnnnntt- chhhhhh-fuck!" and you spend the next four minutes squeezing out a urinous sludge of some kind of cake mixture, veins popping out of your neck and forehead. You remember the words of Jesus Christ as He died on the cross:

'Eloi, Eloi, lema sabachthani?' which means, 'My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?'" (Mk 15:34; cf. Mt 27:46).

But unfortunately this was not the result of persecution born from resisting sin and refusing to cause a blasphemy. It is caused by a satanic glory. But all religion aside:

You still have to go out -- you can't waste a weekend -- you spend a night pounding beers fearing the bathroom, until a bladder cannot hold anymore liquids. Unfortunately, there is a long line and you begin standing at a urinal with five other men, grabbing a sick worm and biting your lower lip with an insane glare in your eyes, the glint of murder. You can tell people look over at you funny as you redden and spend 25 minutes and about 20 rotations of men standing at the middle urinal, a terrible druppity drop haunting your ears as you hear a clean stream of the yellow gold from other urinals.

You vow to get better one day, and sure enough you will says a doctor, and soon painful urination goes away after

you are shot full of penicillin and given bizarre drugs whose names you do not know. You vow to never be such a fool again.

You go to your calendar each year, now, and go to the date marked: JANUARY 22ND

and you write:

"THIS WAS THE DAY THAT THE SATANIC GLORY FADED, AND I PAID IN PAINFUL URINATION FOR APPROXIMATELY TWO WEEKS. FROM THIS DAY FORWARD, WHENEVER I HEAR THE SOUND OF A DRIPPING FAUCET, I WILL MAKE SURE THERE IS THREE CONDOMS IN MY WALLET.

"ONE FOR A FRIDAY, ONE FOR A SATURDAY, AND ONE IN CASE OF GOOD LUCK OR A SECOND RUT."

You have learned a lesson, and your satanic glory continues -- protected by the Democratic People's Republic of the Congo and their rubber trees that make a miracle wrap called 'Latex.'



I Am Impressed With History



29 October 2005

I went to the Korean National Museum today with two Korean buddies, and just walked around for a few hours looking at ancient pieces of art, pots, 600 year old chopsticks and combs, ancient money; paleolithic hand-axes and the very first writings of Hangeul and old school calligraphy... Wow.

I always get excited when I see that sort of thing... It just rocks my world like a maniac. I have brainasms while I look at the old artwork and pottery

and coins and vases and pots and I think about all those people who used them once, and think about all the glory of our forefathers (I know, I am not Korean, but as I looked around at the Koreans I thought of the glory of their forefathers, and it was just as good -- I pictured this gigantic descent through the ages....

I pictured the entire child begets child begets child, and I think of the amazing beauty of the migrating tribes that became cultures and civilizations and corpses in graveyards bur-

ied beneath our feet, and when I learn this history, I feel honored to be alive and that one day I will be a part of the history -- even as though I did nothing, I will have the honor of saying that I lived and died...

I feel like, now, things are better, because we have a history.

It makes the meaninglessness of human existence seem less meaningless, because at the very least people will tell stories about us and have the slightest modicum of interest in who we are.

Things Your Mother Did To Me

7 November 2005

Here is a list of things that your mother used to do for me before I moved away from your hometown:

+++ She made me breakfast with eggs, runny on toast

+++ she poured the milk on my cereal

+++ she would change the channels on the TV when the remote was broke.

+++ She would clean up after the dogs and cats

+++ She would tie my boots for me when I was drunk

+++ She would download porn for me because she knew I was too busy to do it myself.

+++ She did my math homework for me.

+++ She fed me crack so I could not have an orgasm and then would give me a hand-on-cock slurpee for hours.

+++ She would put mayonnaise in my bung and then have your family dog lick it out while she was on the bottom

+++ she would have me put on your grandfather's clothes and make me spank her and call her naughty while we watched your family videos

+++ She would open the beers for me

+++ She would pour my beers for me

+++ When I was too drunk or too high on crack, she would drink beers for me and then later tell people I drank them.

Now, I have told you many things that your mother did for me.

You tell me some of the things my mother did for you.



British Look Like Birds Koreans Look Like Fish

21 September 2005

While sitting around and drinking with some friends a year ago or so, one of my buddies brought up the fact that if you look closely at an old Korean man, you can easily envision them being an old catfish.

It is very true -- just start juxtaposing the faces of Koreans slowly onto those of fish... It seems kind of... natural.

The same is true with the British -- the Brits that I have met have such distinctive faces, sexually phallic, large noses and pointy chins (or maybe this is more Welsh?) and their faces are so defined and angu-

lar that I often think of them as birds with distinctive beaks.

I just thought I would share that with you.

I really have to say this is not meant to be insulting, but since we live in a world where the PC Brigade is breathing down our necks making everything boring and drole, you can ignore this.

Honestly, I would be flattered if I looked like a fish or I look like a bird.

Once, a long time ago, someone said if I was an animal I would be a crocodile because of my jaw and my eyes. I do not believe them.

Let's talk about it.



Hey Joey,

I Am Going To Buy You Beer

28 October 2005

Joey, if I buy you beer will you be nice to me? I think that in order to make you not be mean to me even though I am nice, and I go out of way to be nice, I am going to bribe you -- I am an American rat but I just want you to be nice to me, and just not put a pressure in my life...

I know I am a worst person than you --

I do not play rock music on guitars and I have sex with women who are desperate for money, and I plan trips to Thailand to fuck my brain and to take advantage of the poverty of women, and I plan on living a life that is bad and without education -- I understand, I am a worst person, and I admit it at this time exactly.

I never bite my tongue - I always talk like an annoying parrot and I even share lewd stories and say stupid, bad things like daily.

There are so many reasons to dislike me -- but when you come here, again, I am going to buy you a beer every night because I do not want to cause a problem and inconvenience for you.

It is my sin tax -- since I am a bad person and you have the right to call me out whenever you want, and you can always pollute my name with little effort, I am jus going to buy you beer in exchange for you not calling me out.

I know I am a rat, and I am

the worst person on the board, and that I a not as good as you or as smart as you or as musically gifted as you, and that my music taste is all trash music and it is all exclusively the worst and most prejudicial and bad music, and that if I had myw ay I would be giving sex diseases to sex workers in Thailand,

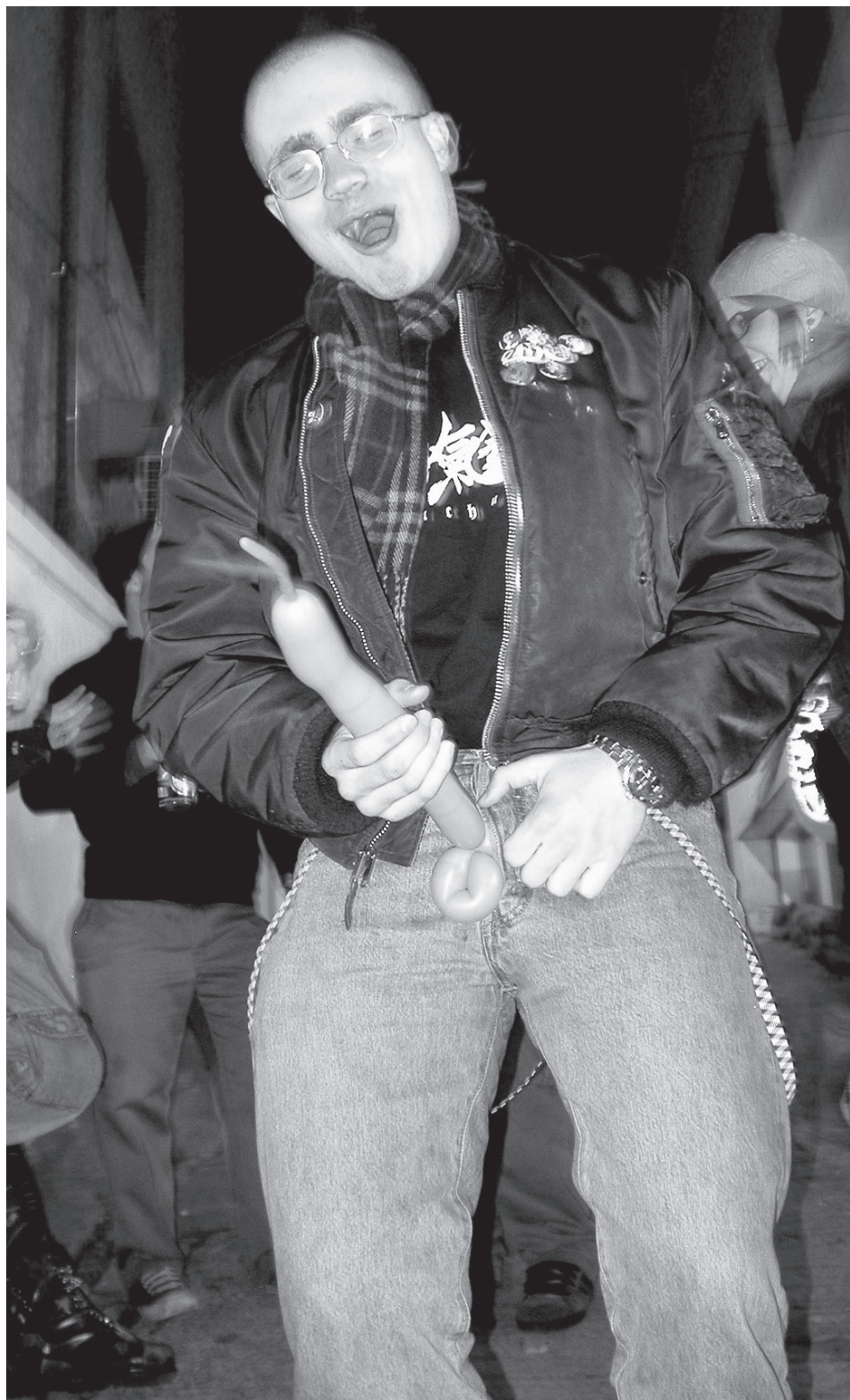
drinking beers and eating fatty foods, never spending a moment conscious -- eating

children and listening to music that is hateful -- urinating on a car and vomitting on a windshield and pressing exposed genitalia against the windows of unsuspecting residents,

stumbling awkwardly up stairs and asking in bad Korean where my own mother lives so I can sex her and kill my dogs to eat them as beef in leaf style ---

But I will buy you beer in exchange for your silence.





Koizumi Stirring Controversy @ War Shrines

http://news.xinhuanet.com/english/2005-10/17/content_3623847.htm

16 October 2005

On my birthday PM Koizumi is stirring up controversy.

The Yasukuni war shrine is for all of the war dead, essentially, that the Japanese have -- he is honoring his countrymen, but due to a controversial history, this is a borderline criminal act, it seems. Now let me be blunt and speak from the heart:

The Japanese committed many war crimes, but if they are guilty of terrible crimes then so is the U. S. Army Air Corps and the entirety of all militaries that ever engaged in conflict. During these conflicts there are great atrocities committed -- war, itself, is an atrocity; it is the act of



killing another human being, destroying an entire family by killing their fathers, sons, brothers, cousins, daughters, mothers, sisters, babies...

When Prime Minister Koi-

zumi is honoring the war dead, it is an abstract practice of honoring his family and his family's friends who, in the war, died fighting gallantly. Their only crime was



that they didn't wear the right uniform, and so now instead of being heroes they are villains. I think that one cannot confuse the foot soldier for the dictator.

Furthermore, war is a sacred and religious act as much as it is a crime; it is the act of risking the entirety of yourself for something so large and grandiose it is hard to comprehend. The act of fighting war is such a beautifully somber yet hideously energetic action. There is nothing you can compare it to -- it is the most grave circumstances that humanity ever encounters, and thus the most glorious and the most vain, the most completing and defining and the most shallow and destroying. War is the most amazing thing that we, as humans, collectively share amongst each other - it is what destroys and builds nations and empires.

I think that the war dead should be honored.

I would enjoy the moment of killing another human, or being killed by another human; it is a profound poem that few people ever have the opportunity to read or participate in. The act of taking another person's life in such a huge picture, in such a huge course of events -- the act of death, of living up to the sacrifices of previous men. It makes me think of the poet Yeats and the Samurai and the Mujahedin and the Waffen SS and the Spartans, the Trojans, the Viking, the Berserker, the infantrymen and the zulu warriors & blackfoot archers & maori clubmen...

If my name could be uttered in the same breath as any of theirs, or my life could have parallels with such elite forces and lifestyles, it would be honorable.

I believe in the sanctity of honorable death, and so I think that these men should rest in peace and be honored by people, as the war dead of all nations and the fighting men should all receive this

*“War is truly sorrowful.
Yet to maintain the independence and peace of the nation and for the prosperity of all of Asia, Japan was forced into conflict.”*

—Yasukuni website

treatment. To not do this is wrong.

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.

I cannot describe the feelings that I have in the act of death and killing, and in the profound beauty and warrior creed, the way of mankind, the act of spilling blood...

Jon Dunbar once told me that an Italian fascist once said that... “It is better to live one day as a lion than a thousand years as a lamb.” Amen.

When it is time to fight & to kill or to die, I will be a participant in this most holy and sacred action. It is why I have lotuses tattoo'd on my arms, it is why there is the words ‘Dulce Et Decorum Est Pro Patria Mori’ tattoo'd on me.

It is because when some people say they are crazy they are liars, but when I say I am crazy I am not a liar -- I am the volunteer to death, the wor-

shipper of destruction drinking the milk of chaos from the breasts of Shiva; I am the Lotus flower, I spring forth from both the filth of swamps and the serenity of water lilies -- I am the honorable death, whose life is void of meaning but who, in moments of intense struggle, proves worth through sacrifice.

I am the volunteer to death who sees no point in living on knees, or even living while standing -- I see only a point in running as fast as one can, living as hard as one can, and dying under the shadow of our ancestral banners amidst the beating of the drums of war and the howling and screaming made from tools of murder.

I am the volunteer to death who is so easily disillusioned and overly romantic, who is so pointless in his own life that he only looks to death for meaning, I am the idiot the fool the man who knows nothing and knows nothing so much that he would like to know only nothing, and become remnants of bone in the soil of an ancient battlefield.

And I turned this current event into something more than it should be -- I guess in addition to being the big cunt as described above, I am an obsessive fool.

I think that he visits the shrine on my birthday is something I want to be fateful and defining of myself, though there would be nothing to indicate as much and it is probably just a random coincidence, I would like to think it more. Goodbye for now.

Squirrel Race War

http://news.bbc.co.uk/2/hi/uk_news/scotland/3713744.stm

1 December 2005

Much as the whites are being invaded by Muslims, Hindus, and other religious groups that fuck their cousins and whipe their arses with their left hand, the dignified Red squirrels of Scotland are being threatened by shittier gray squirrels.

A man has even been appointed to try to save the Red squirrel population, and understand how these mongrel squirrels are allowed to come into their nation.

I think what the Red Squirrels need to do is form some RAC bands and kick the gray squirrels back to bumfuck, Muslimland where they belong.

I bet the gray squirrels still wear towels on their head as if they were in the sun of the desert, do not bathe as frequently, believe in a God that

wants them to kill others as opposed to love others, and above this, I bet they are too lazy to gather their own nuts and thus depend on hand-outs from prosperous Red Squirrels and since they make up a larger voting bloc they keep voting Red Squirrel's nuts to themselves.

But what I want to say:

Whites made the technology and civilization, and developed all standards of human rights. If it weren't for the Aryan and Roman people, the world would be living in feudalistic or tribalistic 'might makes right' cuntism.

There are isolated incidents of whites and Christians acting as fools, but as a general statement, we are the pioneers of all standards of civility and culture.

There is a reason why eve-



rywhere you go, we set the standard for government form and economics, sciences, and attire.

It's because we're the boots and we have the fucking roots in modernity.

I am so drunk right now that I am going to compare this to: a Zoo.

In a Zoo, everyone goes to the zoo to see the Lions and Tigers (the Aryans and Romans).

In an Aquarium, everyone goes to see the fucking Sharks & Dolhpins (the Aryans and Romans).

In a sports team, they name it the fucking vicious animals or the fucking vicious warriors (the Aryans and Romans).

We are the HERITAGE of the world, and the STANDARD of excellence.

We are the life of Vikings and it is obvious that I am the worst person here, subject to the most prejudicial and idiotic philosophies stemming from my intestine.



Socialism & The Rich

25 April 2006

Personally, I prefer a modicum of outright socialized institutions -- namely there should be national educational institutions that are free to attend (and of the highest caliber).

I also believe that there should be no such thing as a welfare check, but only a place where free daycare is provided and any human can show up and as long as they perform work receives pay adequate for their needs. No one should ever receive a dime for doing nothing.

I oppose nationalized healthcare, but would prefer that people who cannot afford healthcare pay the government back in another way, probably through military service or public service.

I disagree with a lot of socialist institutions and despise Communism, but I do believe that every man who says "I want to work, show me a place I can do this," deserves enough money to:

- * Have a place to live and food for his family and himself[/*]

- * Have healthcare[/*]

- * Have enough money left over to get drunk at least twice a week or go to the movies a few times or a baseball game. [Alcohol and entertainment are two things I cannot live with it, and so should no one else have to bear this horror.] [/*]

But the idea that a single human being can ever receive money without paying back is wrong.

I do not respect people who

accept welfare because they do not work for it, but I respect a man who says "Shit, give me something to do; I cannot find a job! I need some help."

We should give him work.

Secondly: we should never overtax the rich just because we can. I do not see a point in jealousy of the rich.

The rich have too many responsibilities to ever live. They may be able to go to Paris, Rome, Beijing, Tokyo, LA,

I don't think the rich know how beautiful a rundown neighborhood next to a subway station illuminated with the beautiful red lights of whores who poke through windows yelling for you to come in, nor the profound beauty of a pretty girl in second hand clothes or how amazing it is to see puddles form on uneven roads while beautiful sirens illuminate them.

New York on a whim... But they will never know what it is like to be in a park with dozens of punks, skinheads, and hardcore kids drunk, sitting around a fire, chanting and dancing and laughing and sharing cheap alcohol because rich people aren't allowed to be with us or associate with us. We are far richer people that we can drink every night with our friends and never worry about responsibilities extending beyond showing up to work halfway decent the next day.

Thirdly: we shouldn't put values in vain things. The rich seem so powerful because you give them power by overvaluing the things that they own. Sure, a Ferrari is cool, mansions would be ideal places to live, and I wish I could buy anything that I wanted... But...

I don't think the rich know how beautiful a rundown

neighborhood next to a subway station illuminated with the beautiful red lights of whores who poke through windows yelling for you to come in, nor the profound beauty of a pretty girl in second hand clothes or how amazing it is to see puddles form on uneven roads while beautiful sirens illuminate them.

They don't have the respect and honor of being amongst the thugs, whores, and construction workers with hands and faces of leather;

They may be able to eat caviar and fine salads and veals prepared by Frenchmen, but there is nothing like a slab of frying meat for a few bucks, or chicken on a stick -- they can have all the French wine in the world, I'll take the cheap vodka and soju and tequila -- there is something about a drink that physically moves your insides.

A rich person will never find joy in spending \$40 on a new pair of jeans that fit just right... They are only satisfied if the jeans were for hundreds more....

You get the idea.

Fuck bourgeois values; I want greasy meat not French veal and salad; I want something that puts hair on my knuckles while I drunk and I want some cheap jeans and my only responsibility to be sober by 9AM.

Just give the poor upward mobility and some wages to live on and we will be happy. That is all I think a government should try to achieve.

Who Is Naturally Better Looking?

22 September 2005

From an objective point of view, with sexual orientation, who is naturally better looking between the sexes?

Men or women?

I definitely say Men.

We have less fat and we can produce a chiseled look that makes us look like some Greek God; we can always have that look that is just so rugged and downright contour

We can put more lines on our body, more contrast,

we can have more definition.

So men are better looking, naturally.

(did I just sound incredibly gay or what? but i am comfortable with you people -- the one good thing about people who are generally less right wing than me is that they actually can talk about these things without causing me to be banished from their presence forever)

I think that people are avoiding this topic because they are afraid to investigate their own erections, oops, I mean, selec-

tions, on the choice matter.

(come on, that's; what I call comedy)

It is impossible for a heterosexual man to find beauty in another man's body?

I think that is a lie.

The philosopher can take himself out of the perspective that he possesses and examine it objectively.

This is not good.

I have never understood how the woman's form can be better.

A man who is well built has just as many curves as a woman, and when they flex, it is like a masterpiece -- it shows such amazing definition of the entire body, such distinct lines, that is amazing; when you see a woman flex, it is not that impressive (unless it is impressive in the 'wow, she looks like a dude' way).

i just do not see it.

Well, I think that beauty can objectively be measured, but I do say that it should not be arbitrarily viewed by the objective standard.

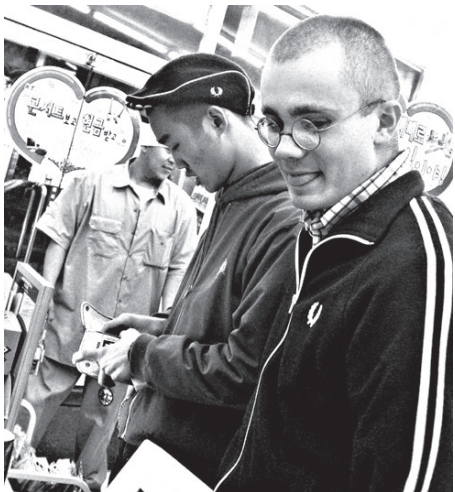
Practicality has to come into play.



Man and woman have matching parts; man and man and woman and woman do not, and so I think nature's intent is pretty obvious.

To do otherwise can cause unnatural fissures in certain parts of your body.

That is my stance on why, even though I think from an objective standard men are better, I am not a homosexual; I cannot view it from this objective standard of beauty partially because of practicality, and partially because again, my body has its' subjective preferences.



Who Is Open-Minded?

17 November 2005

Have an 'open mind' is a catch phrase of the left wing. I have fallen victim to it a million times. I fall victim to it to this day.

I am told to 'keep an open mind,' but in reality what they are saying is: "I disagree with you, so I am going to say that you do not see all perspectives of the issue and that you are actually close-minded, and do not know what you are talking about."

I find that, generally, both sides do not have open minds.

Conservatives irrationally fear homosexuality and drug use, irrationally fear and keep close minds towards socialist industries and how they can make legitimate strides for society.

Liberals have irrational fear of big business, thinking everything in the Fortune 500 is a conspiracy to oppress you and rob workers; they have an irrational fear of war, etc.

Both perspectives have ENTIRELY irrational and non-negotiable stances on race and their individual perspectives on economics.

It all comes from the gut feelings and not objective thinking.

An open mind does not mean "I smoke pot and I have gay friends."

You cannot just accuse someone of being close minded because they do not think that Bush is the devil, and you cannot accuse someone of being close minded when they are something you merely disagree with.

There are reasons to believe everything, and I think it is true that very few people

are open minded.

To be open minded, you have to evaluate the argument from every perspective.

What are Islamists fighting for? How do they view the world?

What are Americans fighting for? How do they view the world?

What are Communists fighting for? How do they view the world?

If you are capable of writing small essays from the point of view of someone of this belief system, then I think you are ready to say you have an open mind.

If your response to a Communist isn't simply "You're Commie scum!" and your response to a Nazi isn't simply "You're Nazi scum!" then you can say you have an open mind and understand the different perspectives.

To understand a view entirely, you must view it from their own perspective.

We should take great pains to do this, and then we will all respect each other more.

I can get along with a Nazi, and as long as an Islamist does not want me to convert by his sword, I will gladly have a coffee with him (and if he seems like a good chap, I'll ask him out to some good Arab food).

If a former Taliban or a former Maoist Party representative was bumming around Seoul and wanted to have a drink, I'd buy it and I would consider it a great privilege to learn about Islamism and Maoism.

Honestly, when I have met boneheads I go out of my way to understand their perspective -- to learn why they think

highly of the swastika.

I am DESPERATE to meet a Japanese nationalist 'SAMURAI SKINHEAD SPIRIT' fellow. Sadly, the Empi guys did not speak that much English. I am desperate to meet people who can enlighten me as to the Japanese nationalist perspective, because I do not fully understand it.

I have tried to understand things from an Anarchist perspective, a Communist perspective, a Nazi perspective, a religious fundamentalist perspective, and I come to my conclusions independently -- and in spite of reading some Marx, some Hitler, and other authors who if I cited would just make me intellectually vain and like an intelligentsia cunt, and I come to the conclusions.

If you think I am truly close minded on an issue, just say,

"Verv, think about it from the perspective of ____" and I will do so.

we can do it together. It will be like an experiment in thinking.

Let's see if we can get Nevin to think like a Rational egoist Ayn Rand meat eater, and let's see if we can get Jon to think as a Christian fundamentalist.

BTW -- thought is about perspective. Perspective is important to understand ANYTHING.

I can tell you that though I am not sure whose perspective is always right, and that I cannot say for sure whether mine is more valid than yours -- what I CAN TELL YOU...

Is that your mother sure has her perspective set on my JUNK!

Oscar Wilde

27 February 2006

Even though I have only read about some 4 chapters of *Portrait of Dorian Gray*, I am convinced Oscar Wilde is the greatest writer I have ever read. I am no literature connoisseur, but from what I have read, no one comes close.

Some writers are so bad you cannot read them, but Oscar Wilde is so good that now I remember why, in the year 2003 when I had begun the book, I set it down with my jaw dropped, saying, "You're reading way too much. You need to only attempt to read this when you are older. You're done." Reading two pages of Oscar Wilde is like reading anyone else's novel. You cannot read Oscar Wilde in any conventional sense.

If someone told me to sit and read Oscar Wilde for an hour I would tear my own head off because my brain cannot proceed beyond a few pages without being maxed out. I am so glad we didn't have to read any Wilde in school, because reading a chapter a night of him would drive me insane.

If I read a chapter a night I would mutilate myself on my bathroom floor and claim to be the second coming of Christ, and in that moment of irony I would masturbate to a bukkake film and certainly call it the second coming of Christ, and forget that I was merely making a pun and end up calling it artwork.

Sometimes, I do not think I should read any Oscar Wilde until I have gone out and had sex, gotten into a fist fight,

gotten obscenely drunk, have someone close to me die, and have been forcibly sodomized with a bowling pin. How could I begin to understand the depth of his words if I am not both, at the same time, in abject pain and suffering and yet at the most triumphant and beautiful moment of my life?

If I do not haltingly read Wilde, I will devalue the greatest literature in the world. I used to highlight books for lines I liked, and would put large asterisks next to any paragraph that was especially worthy of being read again...

If I did this with his books, I would get more practice in drawing the constellations than anywhere else.

Honestly, I cannot take it. I cannot really even continue reading his stories in any conventional or proper sense being that it is overwhelming and speaks directly to the heart on such levels I am utterly humbled.

I went back into the book to find a few quotations for you to read about, some examples, but then I found that they tied in so well together that if I were to truly convey my true feelings towards their brilliance I would have to type the entire chapter III dinner conversation, and if I typed that how could I omit Grey and Lord Henry's conversation in Chapter IV (which I am only halfway through)?

NOTE: I generally read a chapter of Oscar Wilde a year; being I read the first two chapters in 2003. I am considering trying to read a chapter a week, but that sounds insane to me



still.

Oscar Wilde puts every existentialist writer to shame and exalts life to where it should be: the utterly gripping and beautiful act of romance, love, and thought.

If I could have a conversation with any one man, it would be Oscar Wilde, and we would sit down and smoke cigars and I would eternally guard each word he uttered.

If I ever say anything worthy enough that Oscar Wilde could have been construed as having said something as witty, I would have contributed more to the world than John Grisham or Stephen King.

I used to dream one day of being a writer, but god damn you Oscar Wilde, how could I ever even consider putting pen to paper? How could I honestly tell someone that they should read a single thing I have to say more than reading all of your books several times over?

Art imitates life, and life pathetically imitates the chained human soul that is rarely free, and Oscar Wilde is a direct reflection of what a soul free of chains and barriers can express.

In short: I know there is a God because when I read what Oscar Wilde writes I feel something inside of me that is supernatural, and I feel a desire to live.

Art Idea That I Have

(SICK Only —Involves Sex)

14 December 2005

This is my original art idea.

It is rated 'XXX'

The idea is:

I could sperm on something, and then take flower petals, beads, glitter, and other randm objects and make it pretty with it, and then photograph it (or freeze it) and put it on display.

I could also do it with a woman -
- we could have many ace shots, and then we could put flowers, glitter, etc. in it, and sometimes we could do it with many things.

Maybe we could do it on the flower, and then put flower seeds in it.

Maybe we could do it on a car or a sidewalk, or in a mailbox.

We could do it anywhere.

They would be shrines to fertility.

What do you think of my idea of artwork?

It is more modern than post-modern.

I hope that the French would literally
EAT IT UP.

Other ideas:

Let's take a good looking Big Mac and other good looking FAST FOOD, and put a GIANT SPERM-SPLASH on it, and photo it.

We will call it: "ADVERTISING CAMPAIGN"

We can also start ejaculating on images of famous pop artists, and we could call it: "MODERN CULTURE VS. MAYONNAISE"

We could do it on many, many things and ave many campaigns. i could never run.



Famous Christian Reggae Star Dies

26 May 2006

What can I say?

One of the Kings of Christian reggae is dead.

007... Shanty town.

Israelites.

You Can Get It If you Really Want It

It Pays

it Mek.

Honor Your Mother And your Father.

But all you have to say:

“dem a loot, dem a shoot, dem a wail -- A shanty town”

The songs of Desmond Dekker were amazing -- he used to wear high-water pants on tour in UK, dancing with all the skinheads, riling them up, singing highly Biblican songs right from the scriptures of te New Testament.

He was even a mentor Bob Marley, and his entire life regretted the rastafarian movement. His commitment

to God and Jesus Christ was unquestionable, His Faith was stereotypical and outstanding amongst pre-dub reggae artists.

I remember reading 6-10 years ago he was doing a tribute performance. Some Aryan skinhead cunt-bags attacked him, scared the shit out of the king of skinhead reggae -- this guy knew skinhead before there was a question of race, he knew skinhead when skinhead meant ‘reggae’ and not white power, he knew skinhead before punk even existed, and the crime is grievous that night so every bonehead paid with blood at the hands of the crowds of skins that showed up to see the skinhead reggae legend.

And now Desmond Dekker is dead.

The King of Christian reggae is dead.

Long live the King.

The Bodyslam Duponts VS Dropkick Murphys

14 September 2005

I think there needs to be a new theme in American Oi music...

Instead of ‘Irish pride’ and ‘Celtic heritage’ stuff, we need to get some French pride and French heritage (for all of we Franco-Americans).

I wonder if accordian renditions of Champs Elysees or Je Ne Regrette Rien would fire people up as much as Amazing Grace or Scotland the Brave on bagpipes?

Screw Finnigan’s wake -- it is all about De Gaulle’s retreat.

All we need is skinheads

wearing berets instead of scally caps, and giant bottles of wine next to Fleur de Lis prints. no more drinking and fighting --- it is all about drinking and philosophizing, watching abstract cinema and discussing the decline of Western civilization on the Left Bank.

I am jealous of some of you other folks -- your heritage is hearty ales and dockworkers, tough as nails, building America up brick by brick...

My heritage is limp-wristed, thin men in black berets smoking too much and tearing America down with existentialism and experimental cinema.

Memories

Of Past Lives

7 November 2005

Here is a list of past life experiences I had:

+++ I remember running in an open field next to a boy while I smiled widely and chased butterflies, jumping at them and causing them to dive low while I would then sniff aimlessly in the dirt.

+++ I remember standing with blood in my hands in a south vietnam rice paddy and screaming feebly, swaying back and forth with the broken body of children

+++ I remember smiling while spittle dripped out of my mouth, smiling so wide and looking down at the face of a man turning blue as I choked him until his eyes popped out of his head, and I kept smiling while my spit turned into a long string connected to his moustache

+++ I remember a moment of a dance where I threw up my arms and bobbed my head rapidly

+++ I remember raising a flag in a large yard

+++ I remember yelling “JUDEN, JUDEN, JUDEN” at Kristallnacht and breaking a window with my fist in the excitement, and later regretting it as the doctor sewed it.

+++ I remember, again, standing in a field in south vietnam with blood on my hands and the bodies of broken children, swaying and screaming uncontrollably, wondering why this happened to me but then remembering it happened to me because I was the same one who yelled “JUDEN, JUDEN, JUDEN” while breaking glass



Across
1 INN
4 ASS
7 OWL
10 TDC
13 FISHNET
15 PRO
16 HEF
17 STARTER
18 PET
19 ECO
20 SINATRA
22 HOE
23 MBA
26 WHET
27 ERAS
29 DORSAL
33 ASH
34 BEST
35 PARALYSIS
37 ARMED
38 TEEN
39 EPEE
41 RELAX
44 UNDERWEAR
49 ONAN
50 AGE
51 ROSARY
52 SETI
53 NGOS
55 TEE
56 MIC
57 ULSTERS
61 BIN
62 FBI
63 OMITTED
67 REO
68 SIN
69 UPDATES
70 ASS
71 MSG
72 TIE
73 ALL

Down
1 FTS
2 NIT
3 NSA
4 ANTI
5 SEEN
6 STRAW
7 OP-
PRESSED
8 WREATH
9 LOT
10 THEOREM
11 DECEASE
12 CFO
14 HRS
21 THAI
22 HEBREWS
23 MDP
24 BOA
25 ARR
28 STD
30 SATANIC
31 ALEX
32 LYE
36 SNUGLING
37 AERO
40 PER
41 ROS
42 ENEMIES
43 LATINOS
45 NEOS
46 EAT
47 ARE
48 RYE
50 ANUBIS
54 STOUT
58 EMPI
59 RIDE
60 STA
61 BRA
62 FSM
64 TIA
65 EEL
66 DSL

Songs You Listened To Most in 2005

8 November 2005

2005 is winding down... What songs do you think you listened to the most in 2005, and what are these amazing songs that affected you and moved you?

2005 brought a lot of amazing songs to my ears, thank you very much in part to Jon Dunbar who introduced me to the Korean scene, as well as characters like Paul and Oh Laewal who I exchanged music with, and also a man named SPC Nathan Oravetz who, though was a metaphor, still knew some great tunes.

Here is the list of songs that I listened to countless times, made my heart complete and full, and made my almost shiver; some of these songs I cried to, and some of these songs I would be put into frenzies of patriotism and GLORY, GLORY, GLORY - here are the songs in order of what I think I liked most:

- (1) Richie Ren - Ren Xiao Yao
- (2) Miburo - Hokorianu Tamaio Mi-mah Gusso (I am not sure of the exact title, but it is the song Jon sent me)
- (3) Anarchy Jerks - Punk Is Not Dead
- (4) Vanilla Muffins - My Angel
- (5) Animal Collective - Who Could Win

A Rabbit?

- (6) Crying Nut - 말 달리자
- (7) Spearhead - The Pride
- (8) Storm - Du Gamla, Du Fria
- (9) Karera Musication - Space On Space
- (10) Vanilla Muffins - Lady's Choice
- (11) Captain Bootbois - Punks & Skins
- (12) Strong Blossom - title unknown, i tis in Japanese
- (13) Booted Cocks - Youth!
- (14) Junior Senior - Rhythm Bandits
- (15) Andrew WK - We Want Fun
- (16) Booted Cocks - Dear You
- (17) Kraftschlag - We're Ready
- (18) Oi! The Arrase - Hasta El Fin
- (19) Mi San Dao - Army Song
- (20) Kim Kwang-seok - 이등병의 편지
- (21) Curasbun Oi! - Cabezas Rapiidas
- (22) Los Fastidios - Johnny & The Queer Bootboys

And those were the 19 songs that made my ears feel the best in 2005, and I do not think that tat top list is going to change for the rest of 2005.

If you hear these songs, you can think, "These are the favorite songs of 2005 of Verv."

You Won't See Me This Saturday (YouAreMySunshine)

29 November 2005

Today the proverbial shit hit the fan. Thankfully, I was not the target but a mere splatter victim. I cannot go to skunk or to Morgan's farewell party this saturday. I cannot go anywhere.

New policies dictate my entire section is under a lockdown for an unspecified amount of time that will consist of 2100 bedchecks complete with 'a pair of shined boots and a pressed uniform on display and impromptu room inspection,' coupled with standing at parade rest to anyone of a higher rank (now PFCs stand rigidly in front of me with ridiculous expressions on their face), and a myriad of other small things that are enough to ruin a lot...

I have a weekend pass and exemption because I was motivated at PT throughout the week (it makes our NCOIC

orgasm to hear people grunt and yell like Spartan faggots, spurring each other on) but I will not use it this weekend. I will probably use it next weekend when I can possibly stretch two shows out of it, and make it our last very close weekend for a few, pending on the moods of They Who Control My Life.

It is a huge bummer to me.

I would be lying if I said there was anything more to my life than Friday night bowling and Saturday night skunk hell / bar hopping.

I would be lying if I said that I am only slightly perturbed.

This sort of represents the one thing that could be done to discourage me.

If they took away \$300 pay I would merely not buy vinyl for a while; if they smoked me daily for a few hours and made me clean bathrooms with tooth brushes I would be sore and

bored.

But instead they take the thing which I value above everything in the world: My freedom & friends.

Outside of my friends in the US, you cunts that I see on weekends are the only people that matter. The people I work with are nice and friendly, and there are a few that I enjoy the company of and frequently drink beer with, and one in particular that I feel I could count as a friend, but for all intensive purposes -- you are my only sunshine.

I am not being melodramatic, but honest.

When I drink beer and see your smiling faces and I smile back, I have no worries in the world and it provides me with the energy to go through with another week; it answers the question: "What is the meaning of Life?"

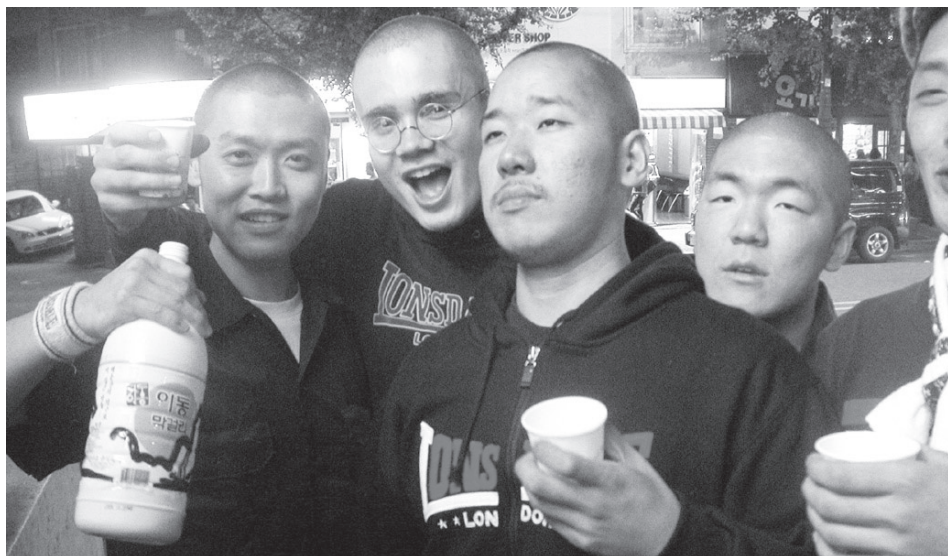
Without you, I have no short-term reason to live but rather just high and lofty bullshit about "somewhere, over the rainbow."

You cunts are my life and my sunshine and I should tell you that more. The days without you are the days I spend thinking about you.

In my home state I have friends like you, and I lived for them as I live for you, and as I abstractly live for the people like us everywhere.

And so now I am going to endure X amount of time in Buddhist mental masturbation and introspection, looking at pictures of events I should be attending and thinking about





the good times and the day I will be free again.

Our Sergeant asked us to reevaluate our lives if we do not see the point in what he is doing.

I did reevaluate my life, and I noted:

(1) You are my sunshine

(2) I don't like it when people take my sunshine away.

But, I will always smile when I think of you, and when I am spending shitty days and nights without you I will smile widely and crazily, and people will ask, "What?" and I will make a comment pertinent to alcohol, sex, or music, and either they will laugh or they will probably ignore me coldly, but I will continue smiling.

I will do the next best thing on these Saturdays without you -- I will get drunk with some GIs and go bar hopping around this area, go bowling, watch movies, listen to vinyl.

there is no mountain high enough or no stream wide enough to keep me from coming back to you.

Not this weekend but the next I will take a pass, and

we'll be together again; and then we'll be away from each other again for an unspecified amount of time of silence and poverty, and I will continue to grunt and yell like a Spartan faggot because no matter what, I am your Spartan faggot, and Paul is waiting to kiss me and Jon is waiting to take pictures

of Paul kissing me and you are waiting for me to stop singing 'My Way' by sex pistols --

And the way of life never stops because it is in my chemical imbalances and indulgences in smiling, and the world can never forget that we have spent time together.



I cant believe i agree.
—mute

God that was awsome luv.
Damn....! I so wish I went
with you guys. I haven't
been to the ocean in 3 years.
Not since I lived in guate-
mala. I have yet to make it
to Busan.

—aek541

Verv, you're a fucking serial
killer and just don't know
it yet.

—Joey
Verv ... I like this
a lot. Now, I am
waiting for a TV
series featuring
you, Jon, and Mark.
You will
metamorphose
using a magic
elixir (soju) and
have many famed
adventures. The
show will, of
course, be named
"Charmed".
—amberoo

THAT'S JUST LAME
WHITE POWER
PROPAGANDA.
—JON

Wow, Verv I'm impressed.

—Nevin

what you
wrote
completely
reminds me
of something
I've read on
an aryan
nation web-
site.

—Jay

VERV, YOU
JUST SAVE
3 BUCKS ON
A BEER FOR
THAT BLOG,
NEXT ONES
ON ME.

—400Z

Verv, you should have been born into a commu-
nist society so you could have had the job of writ-
ing moral praises and assertion. Or maybe just an
Asian society because Koreans seem to do the same
things. Anyway your little rants would be appreci-
ated by anyone training kids in the "correct" way
of thought.

(note: this isn't criticism or praise, it's just China
hitting me again and so many of the public signs
here seemed to be worded in the same way as one
of Verv's posts)

—Nevin

I think it would be cool to see steaming jism on a flower.

—Jon

Long but awesome, I just read it on the myspace.

—vega

*Tey Verv, just so you
know, I nearly pissed
myself laughing while
reading those two posts
of yours. You just made
my day, thanks!
agentofbeer*

THAT STORY ALSO
SOUNDS LIKE A
LOT OF THE "IF U
DONT BELEVIN IN
GOD U SHOLD
READ THIS
NOW: REPORST
2) TIMES ORELSE
U WILL HAV BAD
LUK 4 7 YEARZ
AND U WIL GO
2 HEK." MYSPACE
BULLETINS I KEEP
GETTING... WHO
KNEW A LOT OF
FRIEND'S FRIEND'S
FRIENDS WERE
DEVOUT CHRIS-
TIAN...
—RWTHW

mmmmh.... DUNNO.... HONESTLY, I THINK
THAT WOULD BE PRETTY SICK AND
MORE KITCH WITH ALL THE FLOWERS

I have said this
before and this re-
ally just supports my
arguement. Verv is
the gayest straight guy
i have ever met.
—alllostinthe fray

AND SUCH....

OH, WELL.... IF THAT'S
THE IDEA....
—DAXLEE

and to that i raise a bottle of
Makkulli...and shout "OI!!!!"
—Anarack

In Verv's defence, there's
only one remotely reli-
gious thing in the whole
story, and I'm sure I'd be
thinking the same thing if
I were in that situation,
although probably not in a
dead tongue.

—Jon

SO LONG SO I CANT BE BOTHERED

TO READ IT, AS USUAL

—WASTING YOUTH

FOR A WHILE I
THOUGHT YOU WERE
GOING TO GO JACK
CHICK ON OUR ASSES.
—JON

Attila the Hun did exactly the same
thing to europe a few hundred years
before hand, and they were vastly less
socially evolved than the Master Race of
christians you're so hard on for. I say go
fuck yourself, and I feel like coming back
to Korea for one more tour, just because
I hate mindless, mudskull bitches.

—pengo

I'M TOO EXCITED
TO EVEN READ IT.
YOU REALLY NEED
TO PUT TOGETHER
A ZINE FULL OF
ALL THESE FTV.
—JON

after reading long
posts, usually i
get that feeling
of emptiness that
people tend to
get after beating
a video game that
took weeks or
months or after
realizing you have
been on the inter-
net for hours and
have nothing to
show for it-- but
not this one. or
the last long one
you did.
—onekingdown

you gotta learn to have the piss taken out of
you, especially being a skinhead. If you take all
of what people say to or about you so liter-
ally, christ, you'll be at the end of a rope by
thirty.

—Joey
You might want think
about what you type a
little more, review and
then erase it each time
you post; you might
get more positive
feedback.

—Joey

i used to think hu-
man sexuality was
a beautiful thing
too...before i saw
verv get the horn.
—jon